

Disney's
THE **ARISTOCATS**
The Coziest Carriage



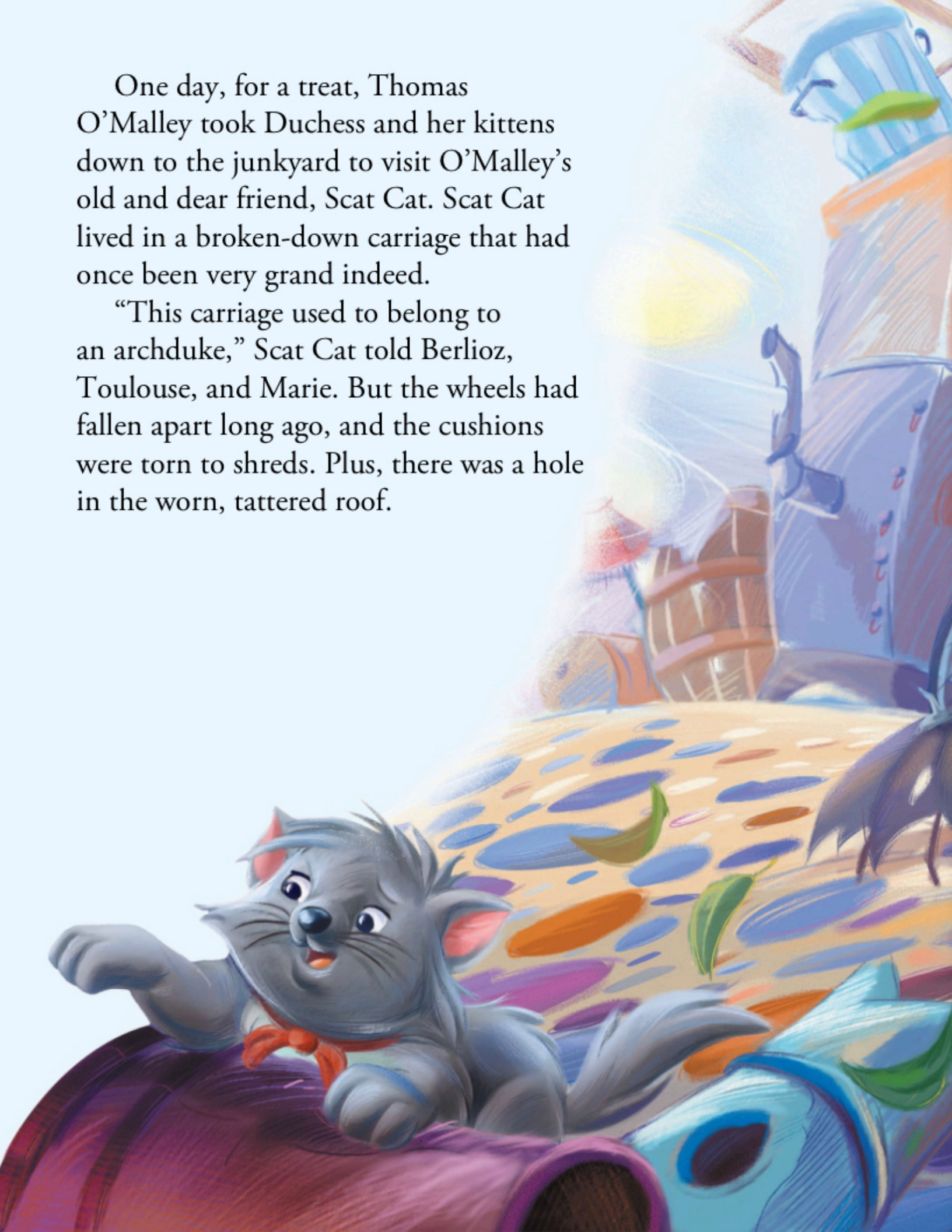
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One day, for a treat, Thomas O'Malley took Duchess and her kittens down to the junkyard to visit O'Malley's old and dear friend, Scat Cat. Scat Cat lived in a broken-down carriage that had once been very grand indeed.

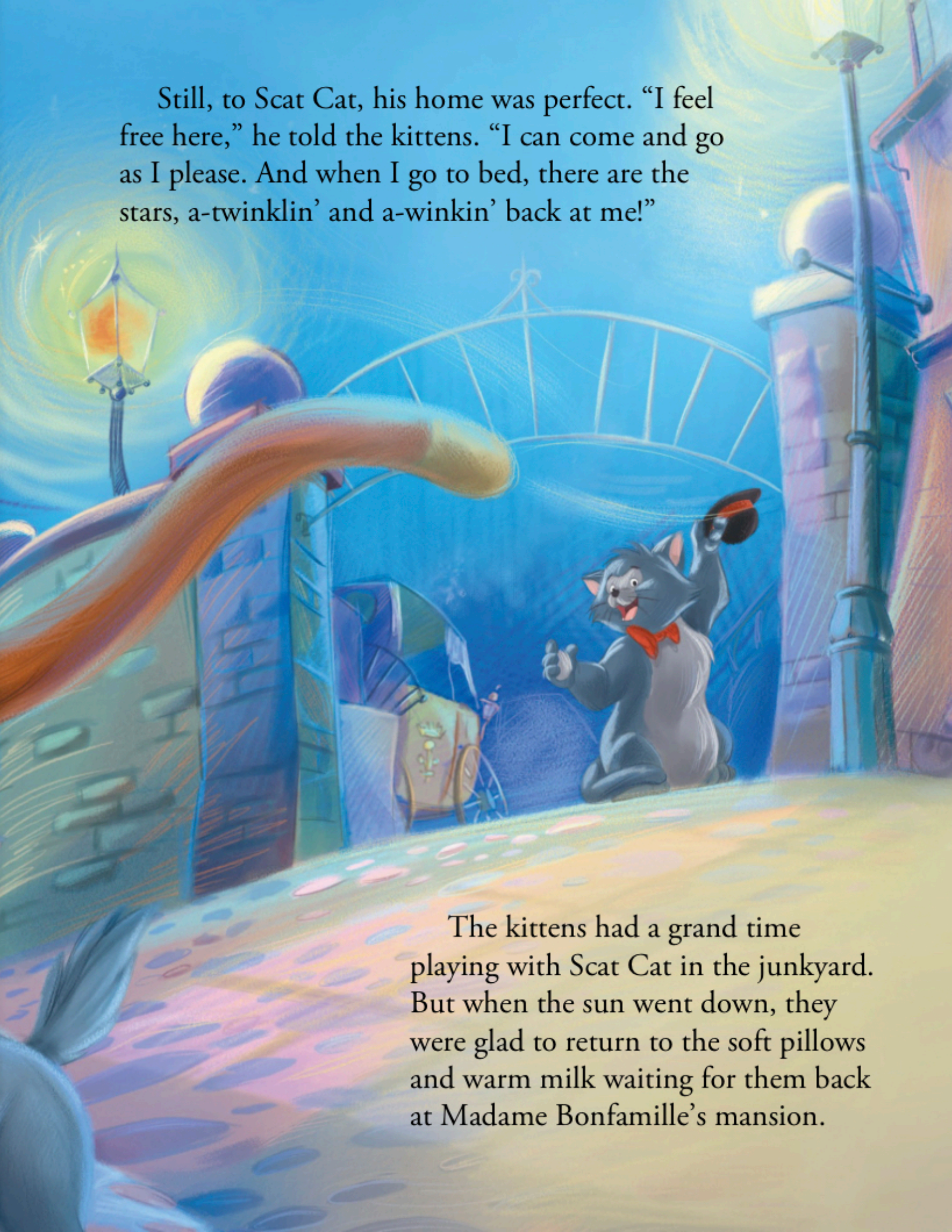
"This carriage used to belong to an archduke," Scat Cat told Berlioz, Toulouse, and Marie. But the wheels had fallen apart long ago, and the cushions were torn to shreds. Plus, there was a hole in the worn, tattered roof.







Still, to Scat Cat, his home was perfect. “I feel free here,” he told the kittens. “I can come and go as I please. And when I go to bed, there are the stars, a-twinklin’ and a-winkin’ back at me!”



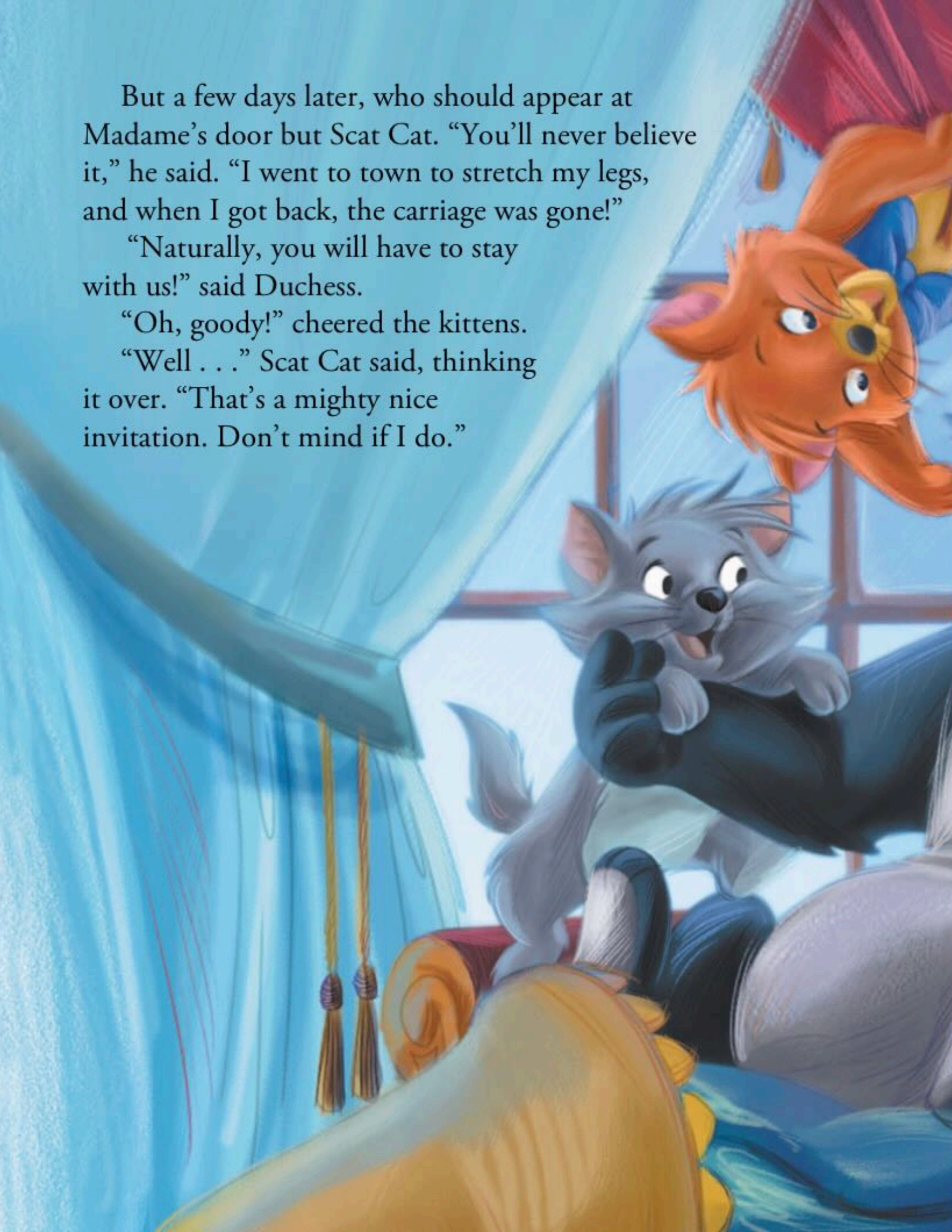
The kittens had a grand time playing with Scat Cat in the junkyard. But when the sun went down, they were glad to return to the soft pillows and warm milk waiting for them back at Madame Bonfamille’s mansion.

But a few days later, who should appear at Madame's door but Scat Cat. "You'll never believe it," he said. "I went to town to stretch my legs, and when I got back, the carriage was gone!"

"Naturally, you will have to stay with us!" said Duchess.

"Oh, goody!" cheered the kittens.

"Well . . ." Scat Cat said, thinking it over. "That's a mighty nice invitation. Don't mind if I do."







But after only one night, Scat Cat began to feel blue. The life of a house cat just wasn't for him. Everything at Madame's happened according to a schedule. Scat Cat missed coming and going as he pleased.



Most of all, though, Scat Cat was homesick. He missed his old carriage. “What I wouldn’t give to look up at the sky and count the stars as I go to sleep on those lumpy cushions,” he told the kittens.





“I wish there was some way we could get that carriage back for him,” Marie said to her brothers later that day.
“Maybe there is!” said Berlioz. “Follow me!”



Soon, the kittens arrived at the carriage house. For a while, Madame had been complaining about her old carriage. A wheel kept slipping from its axle, the gold paint was peeling off, and the canvas top had begun to fray.

With this in mind, Berlioz climbed into the old carriage, unfurled his claws and pounced on the upholstery. “Come on! Dig in!” he called to Toulouse and Marie.

Then they raced up to the top of the carriage, where they jumped and bounced until Toulouse crashed through the roof.

“Hooray!” cheered Marie.

“Oh, my!” exclaimed a voice.

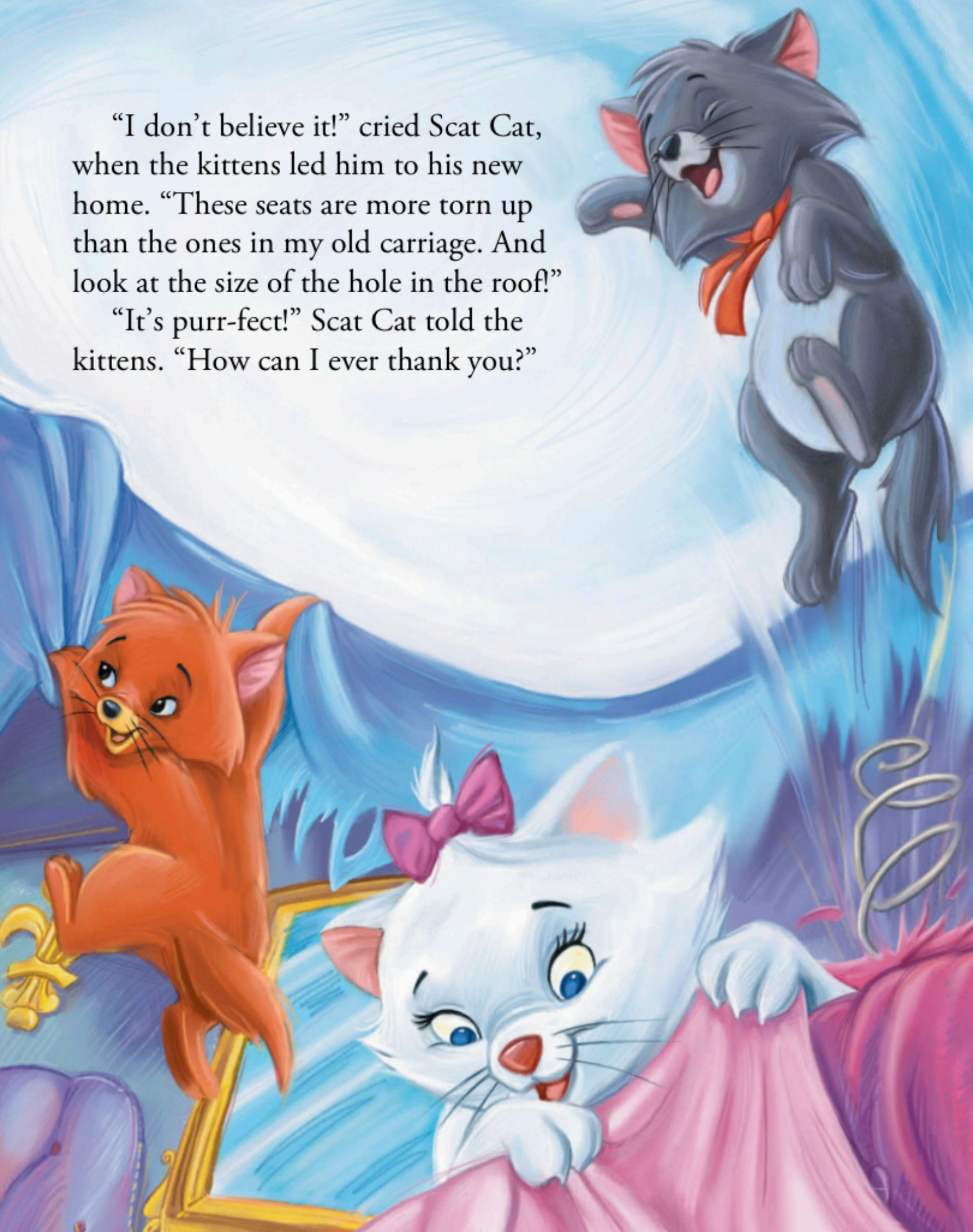
The kittens turned and there was Madame with her chauffeur. They surveyed the damage . . . and smiled! “At last I have an excuse to buy a new carriage!” Madame told the chauffeur. “Take this one out to the junkyard.”





“I don’t believe it!” cried Scat Cat, when the kittens led him to his new home. “These seats are more torn up than the ones in my old carriage. And look at the size of the hole in the roof!”

“It’s purr-fect!” Scat Cat told the kittens. “How can I ever thank you?”



“It was our pleasure,” said Berlioz, flexing his claws. “It’s not every day that we’re thanked for clawing something to pieces!”





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